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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mensa grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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## C O N T E N T S.

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Public Opinion,	119
Sheridan.	123
National Hymns.	125
Something not Right,	134
Attractions of Farming for a College Graduate,	137
To F—,	142
The Piano Forte,	144
Free Thought,	147
The Smoke Ring,	149
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA,	150
EDITOR'S TABLE.	152

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*Public Opinion.*

IT would be difficult to overestimate the force of public opinion. In every established community, that system of laws and principles which has gradually come into general acceptance, is the real controlling Power, the Law, and in many cases, the Bible and Conscience of the individual. Even the fundamental principles of politics and religion can not be enforced or applied, except as they are approved and required by the prevailing tone of the public mind. In Spain, the good Christian can lie and steal; in South Carolina, compel his servants to adultery; in Indiana, vote half a dozen times; in Yale College, sign his name to a bogus church-paper; and in neither case does the noonday act seem to disturb the sincerity or quietude of the morning and evening devotions. This is not, in some cases at least, because the individual is dishonest, but because he takes the prevailing sentiment as his standard.

Public opinion, therefore, when rightly directed, becomes a source of the highest good; misdirected, the producing cause of every evil. Rightly directed—in a Monarchy it is a potent check on rapacity, immorality and wrong in court, and upon violence and crime in the people;—in a Republic it fences in rulers with restraints which they dare not overleap, and guards at once the liberties and morals of the people;—in the Community it conserves all the best interests of religion, morality and philanthropy, guaranteeing to families their rights,

and giving to individuals their due. Wrongly directed, it gives to rulers, license; permits in the people, violence; suffers immorality and irreligion to lift their heads in communities, and drops the seeds of discord and confusion in families. In war, if public opinion demands of every officer and soldier the full performance of his duty, and covers with contempt and disgrace those who fail in this performance, it gives to every man an incitement to duty which not fatigue, nor suffering, nor fear of bullet, bayonet, saber-stroke, or shrieking shell, can overbalance; if, on the other hand, an indulgent public opinion excuses the cowardly soldier, and accepts the resignation of every officer who may weary of the service, it takes away the strongest inducement to bravery, and renders doubly formidable the forces of the foe. And so in temptation and danger everywhere, the man who is subjected to one, or confronting the other, is likely to be bold and decided, or weak and irresolute, according as he expects to find public opinion stern or indulgent.

This force, in driving men to heroic actions, was perhaps never better illustrated than in the career of Gen. Wolfe at Quebec. A short time before he left England, a general of good reputation had been sent into the Mediterranean, on an expedition, of the success of which the English people entertained the most sanguine expectations. The expedition, after meeting with some disasters and a few partial advantages, signally failed, by reason of certain events over which the commander had apparently no control. The people were sadly disappointed, and with their usual inconsiderate haste, vented upon the unfortunate commander that rage which the failure of the expedition had aroused. He was deprived of his command, and hissed and hooted in the streets, though no Court of Inquiry ever succeeded in fastening upon him the blame of the failure in which the expedition terminated. With the memory of these events still fresh in his mind, Wolfe set out on his expedition. His first attempt against Quebec failed, and at the Falls of Montmorenci he met with a disaster which threatened the success of his whole plan. This disaster, with the fears it aroused, sensibly affected the mind of Wolfe. Knowing as he did the impatience of the English people, who always visited upon their generals a heavy penalty for failure, and despairing of finding any opportunity of retrieving by success a reputation which was now in imminent hazard, his anxiety became such as to seriously impair his health, both of body and mind. In his dreams he was heard frequently to mutter in a despairing tone, and in his waking hours to

assert that he would never return without success, to be exposed, as other unfortunate commanders had been, to the censure and reproach of an ignorant and ungrateful populace. This disturbance of mind, joined to the fatigues of body which he had endured, caused a fever and dysentery, by which he was for some time rendered incapable of any action. When just beginning to recover his strength, he called a council of war, and urged on by a keen sense of the wrongs he must suffer, unless he should in some way achieve a victory, he planned and executed that brilliant and daring, but seemingly desperate assault, which no man, except one driven to the choice between death and disgrace, would ever have dreamed of attempting. This incident is an illustration of the point in question. It was a public opinion which always discovered fault in failure, that in this case urged on the man and the army, from an almost hopeless position, through a deed of rarely equaled daring, to this most brilliant achievement, which gave to England, Quebec—and to History, a Hero.

But further illustration is needless. The force of public opinion over the acts, over the thoughts even, is a seen and acknowledged force. If then it can be directed or controlled, it becomes a source of power to the man or set of men who wield it.

Public opinion, in its broader sense, and in regard to fundamental principles, is the growth of ages. It is made up of the gradual accretions of knowledge and experience which communities have gained through successive generations. And in this sense it is firm, not to be changed in a day, nor wielded by any momentary power. For example, that deeply seated opinion which is the basis of English liberty, is the result of all those experiments and trials, through which the English nation has passed for three centuries. It has grown away from a belief in Feudalism and Royal Prerogative, until now it holds as firmly established, certain inalienable rights of the people, which can neither be gainsayed nor opposed by King nor Lords. In like manner, the freedom of the individual conscience, and the independence of Church upon State, came by slow growth, but once established can never be overthrown. In regard to these fundamental principles, public opinion yields to the influence of no man.

But in minor points and in special applications, the public sentiment of any body or neighborhood is easily molded. He who can cause the people of a neighborhood or assembly to think together on any question of policy, or feel together on any question of morality, or excite in them common emotions, controls for the time their public sentiment, and wields its power.

That one man could exercise any great uniting or disposing influence upon the opinions of a community, seems at first sight improbable ; yet it is often done. Generally speaking, it is easy or difficult, according as the superiority of the individual over the mass is marked or slight. People of ordinary capacity and culture are not much given to close thought. They drift along with few settled opinions, and those all upon fundamentals. Suppose a community of such men with some question of policy before them. They approach the subject with diffidence and caution, and venture, each for himself, on a doubtful, half fixed opinion. But they feel that they have not investigated the subject fully, and may be incorrect. Now let there appear among them some educated man, whose position they regard, and whose talents they respect, and let him give a decided opinion on the subject, and support that opinion by a fair show of argument. Many instinctively gather about him, and grasp at his opinion as something tangible, something having at least a show of strength. Before there was no public opinion upon that question. Now there is one, and it has been formed mainly by the influence of one man, and its whole force goes in the direction which he gave it. If the question, instead of being one of policy, is one of morality, the dictum of the superior is still more readily assented to by the mass, particularly, if in support of his opinion, he can urge some considerations which agree with their own underlying convictions of what is right, and give a reason for what they felt but could not explain. Where the emotions of a people may be played upon, the skillful man finds the work still easier. In war, for instance, let a great battle be lost by a general, in whom the people had confidence. If no fault of his own manifestly appears, and if they do not jump at once at an opinion, the tongue of an orator can either excite them to rage against their general, as incompetent, or cause them to extend a kindly sympathy toward him as unfortunate.

This is, in general, true, where the community or assembly acknowledges the superiority of the individual. The same thing holds good, to a certain extent, among equals in culture and position. Here the one who forms his opinion first, and takes his stand with a show of confidence and positiveness of assertion, is the one who leads. The sentiment of a body of men has been determined more than once by the mere matter of priority or confidence in the expression of one of two opinions. This may not speak well for the honesty or insight of assemblies in general. Yet a little examination will convince us that even in the best educated and most thoughtful assemblies this is often

true. There is always a strong tendency to accede to that which is asserted promptly and with confidence, supposing, of course, that the subject is not one which has been long before the public mind, and on which every one's opinion is already formed. His power is doubled, when the one who seeks to speak for the whole can play upon some of the established principles of the public mind. The fundamentals are acknowledged, and if they can be made to apply to the minor point in question, of course that also is settled. He who makes such an application, unless opposed at once, carries the whole. We have before now seen a body of intelligent men swayed by a little clamor about courtesy and abstract rights, simply because no one came forward to show the inapplicability of the abstractions to the case in question.

Herein lies the strength of him who knows how to use it. The educated man is frequently placed in a community where he is looked up to as superior to all others, and in all communities he may hope to be above the common level. His actions will have an effect on public sentiment; his opinions, even if hastily formed and faintly expressed, will make their impression; while if he is careful in taking his positions, and bold and outspoken in proclaiming them, he may hope in some communities to form, and in others to partially direct that public opinion, which, in turn, guides the actions and sways the fortunes of men.

---

## Sheridan.

WEDNESDAY morning, at Winchester,  
The valley hero stood,  
Looking away to the westward,  
In silent, thoughtful mood;  
For to-day he would meet his army,  
Now camped on the distant field,  
And to-morrow lead them in conflict  
To a destiny unrevealed.

He thought of winning new triumphs,—  
Then a something caught his eye.  
Far off on the road to the army,  
A form he could just descry:

Yes! a horseman was dashing forward,  
 Nearing at fearful speed;  
 A Courier from the army,  
 Urging his flying steed.

Then a cry of dark disaster  
 Rang out on the tranquil air,  
 "The army is routed! O, General!  
 Would God that you were there!"  
 "Ready my horse," cried the General.  
 'Twas by him without delay;  
 He sprang at a bound to the saddle,  
 Dashed in his spurs and away.

Away like a flash of lightning,  
 That dazzles and then is gone;  
 Away, away to the army,  
 While his staff behind pressed on.  
 Trees, houses and neighboring landscape  
 Whirled by unnoticed, unseen,  
 Naught but the nearing distance  
 And the army it lay between.

Foaming and bleeding and panting,  
 Their steeds flew gallantly on,  
 While the road seemed to stretch on forever,  
 Each mile a hundred in one,  
 Each moment an hour in passing,  
 The hour an eternity;  
 For a nation's weal hung trembling  
 In the scale of destiny.

Till afar on their weary vision  
 The army rose in sight,  
 Routed, scattered and hurrying  
 Back in disorganized flight.  
 Then the spurs in the flanks sunk deeper,  
 And lightlier hung the reins,  
 Till they darted through the masses  
 And adown the broken lines.

While a shout like that of triumph  
 Rolled up from the staying rout,  
 For they knew their leader would save them,  
 As he ordered them "face about."  
 E'en the dying hailed his coming,  
 And joy lit their glassy eyes,  
 While a "thank God," inaudibly murmured,  
 Passed up with their souls to the skies.

Order sprang out of confusion,  
 At the sight of the General's face,  
 And the ranks stood firm and unbroken,  
 Each man again in his place,  
 While each arm was nerved with new vigor,  
 Each cheek red with worthy shame,  
 And each heart vowed to win back their laurels,  
 And rescue their tarnished name.

"Forward." Ah! then with what grandeur  
 Those armies swept over the plain,  
 While the foe, dashing madly against them,  
 Fell back defeated and slain.  
 Forward, resistless, undaunted,  
 To the sound of death gasp and groan,  
 They surged over the field in triumph,  
 And the bloody day was won.

Thursday morning, at Strasburg,  
 The valley hero stood,  
 His veterans victorious around him,  
 And the ground with trophies strewed,  
 While a nation's benedictions  
 Fell thick on his laureled head,  
 And a nation's prayer rose to Heaven,  
 "Long may his life be spared."

G. S. D.

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### National Hymns.

"Give me the making of the *songs* of a people, and I care not who makes their *laws*," is a remark that by frequent repetition has at last lost its authorship. At the first glance, its absurdity seems only equaled by its strangeness; but upon a moment's consideration, it shows strong signs of reason.

There is no channel through which the passions that lie deepest in the human breast are so powerfully influenced, as that of Music. The emotions of love and hate, of courage and fear, of religion and revenge, as well the noblest as the basest, are beyond the direct control of reason and the will. Under the inspiration of music alone, they reach their intensest play. And yet music does not create; it fires. Like the Diapason of the organ, under its influence each note

retains its own character, but bursts forth with new vehemence and volume. Its great power lies in binding men together. It shapes the thoughts, defines the motives, and unites the passions, creating by this sympathetic attraction a force that cannot be resisted. So much for its energizing power.

On the other hand, it tempers, refines, and humanizes. All must acknowledge its sway. In the intellectual, it appeals to the intellect; in the sensual, to the senses. It not only inflames the passions, but subdues them, and adapting itself to every different temperament, it breathes upon the embers of what is noble in each breast, and draws forth the unbidden tear. "Such sweet compulsion dees in music lie."

Especially in the melody of song does music exert its greatest power, and bind with strongest ties. History, indeed, shows how often songs, while perhaps never originating, have yet called into action and shaped feelings that have overthrown nations. Generally such songs have sprung, Minerva-like, complete and perfect from a single brain, under the inspiration of momentary excitement, and have as suddenly died, when their work was done. So brief has been their existence, that a century will span the life of the oldest popular song of to-day. Only a very few have been so peculiarly adapted to the soil in which they were planted, that though diverted, perhaps, from their original significance, they have yet preserved their individuality, and have so far become identified with a people as to deserve the title of "National Hymn." It may be interesting to examine two or three of the best known of these to discover, if possible, what they possess in common, and what may be considered as essential to all National Hymns. Though this will not enable us to say what concurrence of causes will necessarily produce a national hymn in America, we shall yet determine some of those causes, without which none can be produced.

No song has ever exerted so powerful an influence as the celebrated Marseillaise Hymn. Though to-day the French government adopts "Partant pour la Syrie," the Marseillaise is still the song of the people. It was written in a single night, by Rouget de Lisle, a young officer, in 1792, in the midst of a great popular revolution. It remains to-day intact, as first produced, except that three of the six original verses are now omitted. It was at once received as the "Song of the Army of the Rhine;" and its first effect was to double the number of volunteers. It soon traveled southward, and finally reached Paris, through the ruffian, Marseillaise, who sang it as they marched through the streets, on their arrival. From them it received

its name, and became at once the rallying song of the people. It has outlived all the many changes of government, and is to-day ever present in the mouths of the French, and dear to their hearts as "household words." It is inseparable from their cherished idea of liberty, and ready to be hurled with a violence that has so often deluged France in blood, against the head of him who would even seem to deprive them of it.

The secret of its wonderful power lies in its perfect adaptation to the people for whom it was written. It is essentially a war song; but the French are never at peace; when there is no occupation for their bayonets abroad, they find instant work at home. The imperative summons of that first word, *Allons*, startles the blood in the veins of a people of proverbially restless activity, and only culminates in the irresistible command, *Marchons, Marchons*, in the chorus. The first line appeals to their patriotism; the second calls to glory men in whose bosoms there is no desire so ever-present as ambition of military distinction,—men who possess to the first degree the old chivalric love of renown. Next, all the horrors of blood-thirsty tyranny are held over the head of him who from infancy is nervously in fear of political oppression, and is always going mad with the idea of liberty. He is called to defend his children—to any one the most powerful motive—and his companions—to a Frenchman a time-honored privilege. Lastly, the chorus, with its cry of *Citoyens!* impresses the equality of the emergency upon all; while *aux armes* and the closing shout of immediate success, give direction and prompt action to the fierceness of the passions now called up. Thus the first verse is complete in itself. It at once presents the three great French political ideas, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and strikes at the same time the more individual sentiments of patriotism, ambition, love and fear. The nerves are now strung, the feelings quickened, the passions roused; but for the popular mind the idea is not yet sufficiently elaborated, the object sufficiently defined. Then the second verse comes with its fierce epithets of "slaves, traitors, conspirators;" the clanking fetters are dragged out, and with the idea that all is meant for him, the singer, like a Dervish, lashes himself into madness.

The three following verses, which are now generally omitted, continue the strain of the second, with the addition of imprecations and threats against all enemies. Lest now the song should lose its power, from having called up passions it cannot control, the last verse is in a somewhat nobler strain, and closes with a prayer to Love of Country

and Liberty personified, that they will lead, support and defend ; that so all enemies dying, may see “*ton triomphe et notre gloire.*”

That this song is sadly deficient in our eyes, must not prejudice our present examination of it. It is emphatically a *French* national hymn, and as such alone must be estimated. To be sure the highest principles that we acknowledge—those of religion—are completely ignored in it; yet how slight would be the power of such truths over a people who, while called the “most Christian,” is yet the most irreligious of civilized nations. It acknowledges no god but Liberty, and draws its inspiration from Love of Country; and yet what could appeal more strongly to him who is conscious of no higher motive than patriotism, and knows no more ardent enthusiasm than in the pursuit of glory !

The music is of twin birth with the words, and like them remains unchanged. Thrown off by the same brain, under the same inspiration, it swells and fires the emotions which the words kindle. So strongly does it drink of their sentiment, that the air alone would do much toward producing the same effect.

Such are some of the characteristics, and such the claims of the *Marseillaise* to be called, if not to-day the “national,” at least emphatically the *popular* hymn of France.

Germany has no single song that can claim to be in all respects a National Hymn. Although the Germans are bound together by many kindred ties, they have yet so many different, and often conflicting interests, that it would be difficult to find sentiments to which they could all subscribe on all occasions. Their hymns of a national character are, therefore, mainly sectional, and confined to the particular governments. On the other hand, it would be singular if there were not a great variety of subjects common to all, which a people so musical could sing. Their hills, indeed, resound with every strain, from the shepherd’s pastoral and the lively drinking song to the grand old psalm, all uniting to form a distinct literature of the people, known and loved by all. Among these “*Volks Lieder*” there are several that have played important parts in history, and which might answer our purpose of models in this study of national hymns. One of them in particular, the “*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?*” has more of the purely national character than any other.

The author, Ernest Arndt, was, at the outset of Bonaparte’s career, his ardent admirer. When, however, that “overturner of dynasties” showed his intention of subjugating Germany, his feelings underwent a total change, and in 1807 he opened a vehement and fearless attack

upon him, and by his numerous war songs inflamed the courage and strengthened the spirits of the people. The song before us, unlike most of his others, is not purely a war song, but is a patriotic hymn for all occasions. It is simple, and presents at the outset the main idea of the whole—the thought of “Fatherland”—a thought which kindles feelings particularly warm in the heart of a German, who ever treasures with a sacred veneration the home of his fathers, and hallows every rock and hill with fondest recollection.

After exciting these feelings, it appeals to them in behalf of the whole of Germany. It breaks down the dividing lines of separate governments and of geographical confines, and invokes a stronger tie, the worship of a common God, in a common tongue. It demands for this entire German fatherland no less respect than veneration, as they sing a common love for all that is honest and true :—

“Das ist des Deutschen Vaterland  
Wo Eide schwört der Druck der Hand;  
Wo Wahrheit aus dem auge blitzt,  
Und Liebe warm in Hertzen sitzt—”\*

It closes with an earnest prayer to God, that this true German spirit may ever live warm and bright in their hearts. It contains nothing exciting, nothing savoring of glory or of greatness, nothing even grand. The aim of the whole hymn is to guard against the dangers of rivalry and ambition, by setting aside all petty jealousies, by invoking that admiration of everything noble, which is intuitive to us all, and by quickening those tender emotions which cluster around the hearthstone, and always ascend as the incense offering of a grateful people to the throne of an ever-watchful Father.

“God save the King,” if not the only real National Hymn, is, beyond a question, the best one sung to-day. It is for all time and for all occasions, and is sung with as hearty a spirit by every true Briton, “after a big dinner, as before a big battle.” Like the English Constitution, it may be said to be “unwritten,” for it has been, and can be, changed and moulded to suit all times and all circumstances, and still retains its distinctive character. Its history is obscure, but it still bears on its face strong corroborative testimony to the theory that it is

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\* “That is the German’s fatherland,  
Where binds like oath the graspéd hand,—  
Where from men’s eyes truth flashes forth,—  
Where in men’s hearts are love and worth!”

of Jacobite origin, and was first written in behalf of the Pretender, son of James II, who was expected in England about the year 1714. There is still extant a couplet of that day, which runs as follows:—

“God bless Queen Anne, the nation’s great defender,  
Keep out the French, the Pope, and the Pretender.”

It was not, however, till the middle of the century that this song was at all known, and then it was so changed as not to be openly seditious. Though it still shows the cloven foot, it was adopted as the National Hymn of Great Britain, about 1795.

“Great James, our King,” and “Soon to reign,” were early changed to “George,” and “Long to reign;” but to-day every Englishman prays that the “Gracious Queen” who sits quietly on her throne in London, may be “*sent*” to reign over him. It matters very little, however, whether by the “politics” which are to be “confounded,” and the “knavish tricks” to be “frustrated,” were originally meant the counsels and rule of the ancestors of the Queen herself; to-day they have no such meaning, and no one cares against whose head the curses he so loyally invokes on the Queen’s enemies, were once directed.

But to the song itself. The first line is a prayer for the Queen, that she may live long in peace and prosperity; and this is the single idea of the whole hymn.

Now, why is it that this song, with its single invocation of God’s “choicest gifts” on the Queen, that her enemies may fall, &c., has so filled the hearts of the English people, as to have become their national and really popular anthem? Is it that a pure love for the person of their ruler has swallowed up every other feeling of a nation peculiarly selfish: that in the excess of their zeal for her well-being and safety, they rest content that their national prayer should ask no more? Partly so. There undoubtedly exists in the heart of almost every Englishman a warm love for the person of the reigning sovereign,—a love so strong and sacred that even the imminent destruction of the nation, or the sovereign’s most worthless character, has hardly induced them to lay violent hands on him. Happily, to-day that love is not misplaced. But back of all this there is a feeling that is far more powerfully moved by those “strains in which,” said an Englishman, “we are accustomed to express not more our respect for our monarch, than our national pride.” This national British pride is the real moving spring of the song. The

blessings that are to pour upon the head of the "Gracious Queen," reflect directly upon the British nation and the individual Englishman. Her enemies are his enemies, and, with her peaceful and happy reign, prosperity will sit at his door. There is a homely, though none the less pointed truth in the well-known parody of the second verse:

"O, lords, our gods, arise!  
Tax all our enemies,  
    Make tariffs fall!  
Confound French politics,  
Frustrate all Russian tricks,  
Get Yankees in a fix,  
    God 'bless' them all!"

After all the expression of regard for the Queen, the real self-interest comes out in almost a comical way, in the last verse:

"May she defend our laws,  
And ever *give us cause*  
To sing with heart and voice,  
    God save the Queen."

The air is very simple, yet vigorous and dignified, "the music of common sense and fixed determination."

Thus this song, expressing in a few blunt words, trust in God, love of the King, hatred of enemies, and abounding self-confidence, will always be the British national hymn. And as long as a king shall remain in the land, though his prerogatives have vanished into shadow, and his sceptre has long since departed, though the words may again be altered and perverted, the air and spirit will ever remain, to give utterance to the national pride, as of old.

And now, what do these hymns possess in common, and what may be said to be essential characteristics of all National Hymns?

In the first place, they are all consolidating in their tendencies; their principal effect is to unite and bind men together in a community of interest and of purpose. The prominent idea of the French hymn, is mutual defense; of the German, love of a common country; of the English, regard for the Queen, as the representative of national prosperity.

Secondly, in addition to the general interest which they excite, they lay a no less powerful hold upon the individual. The "Marseillaise" sets forth the danger of individual oppression, suffering and death; and while it holds out personal glory, and promises speedy success, it

summons to prompt personal action. The whole tenor of the German hymn, though its character is widely different in many other respects, is to the same result. Nothing can be more direct than,

"Das, wack'rer Deutsche nenne dein."\*

Though "God save the King" does not express the same idea in words, it is, nevertheless, strikingly prominent throughout the whole, as has been already shown.

Again, they show a studied rhetorical effect in their adaptation to the peculiar temperament of the respective peoples. The French are by nature strongly sympathetic, easily excited, and exceedingly enthusiastic. Thus the train needs only to be fired, and the very first words of the "Marseillaise" strike chords which vibrate with an energy that cumulates in each succeeding line, and reaches the wildest pitch of enthusiasm in the last *Marchons* of the chorus. On the other hand, the more phlegmatic and deliberative German is awakened to an interest by an attractive inquiry and a pleasant description. Less sympathetic and general in his feelings, though none the less earnest, his home and his Fatherland are laid before him, till in admiration of the nobleness of his own people, he raises his prayer to Heaven, that he may drink more deeply of that spirit which will enable him to live and die, if need be, for them. Thus by its simple, unaffected sentiment, the song has won its way into his heart, rather than taken it by storm.

The British hymn, unlike the others, having no one author, and having gone through so many changes, does not exhibit the same degree of method. It opens with a prayer to God, as a proper acknowledgment of His omnipotence, and then gives vent to the characteristic national self-confidence. It does not aim at excitement, but presents to the Englishman that stronger motive of self-interest, under the guise of patriotism.

Lastly, the music is adapted to the words and to the people. The French is emotional and magnetic; the German tender and thoughtful; the English dignified and grand.

In conclusion, why is America without a national hymn?

The new influences that were brought to bear on the character of the American people, at the close of the Revolution, were so numerous and so potent, that any popular song, which the excitement of

\* "That, gallant German, is for thee!"

that period had produced, would very naturally be forgotten with that generation. From that time till the outbreak of the Rebellion, there has been no sufficiently universal excitement to produce another. This latter event, however, led many to believe that the time had come for the birth of the National Anthem. But the signal failure of the efforts of the National Hymn Committee, and a moment's consideration of our national character, must lead to the conclusion that our "Hymn" is either to be the growth of time, like "God save the King," or, if not, that the crisis which will produce it is still far distant.

The many reasons that lead to this conclusion, are all more or less connected with the youth of the nation. Our political institutions are as yet unsettled, and daily modifications are being made, as new influences and forces are brought to bear. In fact, the very nature of the government is plastic, and intended to grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength of the nation.

We are as yet committed to no definite national policy. This can only be when time has made the best interest of one section of the country the best interest of the whole; when all party influences shall so far work in the same direction. Thus our great extent of country offers no inconsiderable obstacle to that unity of feeling and of interest which is essential to the permanency, if not to the production, of a national hymn.

Again, the daily accession of diverse foreign population is an element of discord, and must continue so until such time as the whole mass is so fused that each addition will be at once incorporated and lost in the perfect union.

Finally, the character of the American people, as far as it is developed, is mercurial, ever restless under the anxiety of discovering to-morrow an improvement on to-day.

All these facts go to prove that we must have a well-defined national character, as well as a unity of interest and of aim, before we can expect to have a national hymn.

That day may not be so far distant as some have supposed. We are to-day making our history, and a single week is not unfrequently recording a progress that a century has not produced in others. What though that record is written in the best blood of the nation! What though we are hammering out a national union and integrity with the sword and the cannon, and darkness and gloom have brooded over the land for four long, weary years! The gray dawn of a new day is breaking, and its sun shall rise

"On a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,  
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,  
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And noble thought be freer under the sun,  
And the heart of a people beat with one desire."

Then, indeed, when "we have proved we have hearts in a cause, and are noble still;" when the name of America is everywhere synonymous with freedom and right, and not till then, can America's National Hymn be written.

H. A. S.

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### Something not Right.

How to make the most of ourselves in College, as the place of preparation for what we are to do and to be, is a consideration which seems hardly to enter into our thoughts. Or if it haunts us, as questions of duty sometimes will, there are easier methods to dispose of it than to evolve the disagreeable conclusions to which it inevitably leads. We speak not now of any short-comings in the weightier matter of moral discipline and culture. That theme is a suggestive one, and relates to higher interests than those we have in mind. It can do no harm, however, in passing, to suggest, that to the absence of an earnest purpose can be traced many of the mischiefs of College life which we all see and deplore.

Not that the spirit of enterprise and enthusiasm is dead, but that it is aroused by vicious means, exerted in wrong channels, and spends itself on ignoble objects. For proof of this it is only necessary to allude to the endemic disease of College politics. No one can be indifferent to its effects on study, morals, and character. We all know that American politics has been so odious that a highly honorable man could not lend himself to the chicanery and fraud which attached to political life. There ought to be a sentiment among us which would frown upon every attempt to introduce the angry elements of politics, and prevent a resort to the arts and stratagems which are the mere politician's stock in trade. It may be futile to look for a change which demands so complete a revolution in our modes of thought and principles of action; but we should hail him as a reformer who might transform our bitter warfares into a manly

and healthy rivalry. If even we look at the Literary Societies of College, we find them answering no purpose whatever. Their existence would hardly be known, were it not for the periodic prize debates or the excitement of a campaign. Then it is the flagging interest becomes awakened, and energies, all the year latent, active and vigorous. So that a stranger, at these times, would suppose that the Societies were supported with somewhat of zeal during the quieter weeks of the College year. Do we not remember when, as a wondering Freshman, we were escorted by some half dozen stalwart friends, amid a general rush and roar, into the magnificent hall of the "Brothers?" and didn't our heart swell with pride as we registered our name as a member of that honorable fraternity. Then "the feast of reason and flow of soul" which followed—the inspiring songs—the brilliant speeches, blending the broad humor of Falstaff, the wit of Mercutio, and the pathetic eloquence,

"Which brightens all it tries,  
Whether reason or fancy, the grave or the gay."

All these impressions of what we saw and enjoyed yet remain.

There it seemed apparent was the school for acquiring the art so essential to the professional man, in order to meet with any degree of credit the calls constantly made upon him. But, alas! the dream has been dispelled, the wand of Prospero is broken, and these Societies, which promised to be the source of much improvement, have utterly failed to accomplish their true purpose. Now it seems to us most sensible, either to make our Societies what they ought to be, by giving them a general and cordial support, or to give up the uproar of our campaigns, which only serve to make the College ridiculous, and are the sheerest waste of time, labor and money. With all the glitter and parade of a mock auction shop, these institutions, instead of being the pride and honor of Yale, are the merest shadow of what they purport to be. There was a time, so tradition says, when our Literary Societies were not merely arenas for political warfare, but in very truth places to gain what the student most of all needs, the facility to clothe his thoughts before an audience in language appropriate and graceful. What has caused the decline of interest, or what fatal spell is upon us to prevent its revival, are questions we leave for others to discuss. It may or may not be due to the existence of so many secret societies. But whatever influence these exert, it is certain their true sphere is to build up rather than pull down the large organizations. The spasmodic attempts from time to time made to revise these lifeless bodies, only make it the more evident that resurrection is hopeless.

Every one acknowledges the need of just that training which our Literary Societies afford and would confer upon any who are willing to assume the extra labor and study necessary even to partial success. Nor ought it to interfere with the studies of the division room, for sound scholarship is not incompatible with proficiency in debate. On the contrary, the higher one's attainments, the richer the store from which to draw illustration and argument, and other things being equal, the greater the power to move the heart and convince the reason. Edward Everett, whom a Nation mourns, as orator, philanthropist and patriot, whose rich and lofty eloquence was last employed in a noble cause of benevolence, was no less an orator because one of the ripest scholars of the age. The silvery eloquence of Phillips is not weakened by the splendor of his diction. He is alike wonderful in his power to sway and conciliate an angry mob, or to please and captivate the most cultivated and intelligent audience ever assembled to listen to his graceful oratory. To be sure, few such men as these are given to any country or any age. Still it is true (and we have heard Mr. Phillips declare it,) that the natural gift of eloquence will accomplish but little unless supplemented by faithful study and untiring practice. So that one does not know until he has tried and tried with a purpose not easily abandoned, to what point he can attain. And whatever the degree of scholarship, no mere knowledge of routine studies can atone for the loss of an art which insures increased power and influence, and fits for a wider sphere of usefulness, whether in Church, Court or State.

There may be some who quiet any uneasiness felt on the score of neglecting this part of education, with the fond dream that time enough remains after leaving here to enter upon the study of oratory. But this view hardly takes into account the fact that no such incitements will be found elsewhere, and if they could be, other duties would effectually interfere. Nor does it consider the chances against breaking through the force of habit; so that if we are too indolent and indifferent to engage in the work here, it will hardly be undertaken elsewhere. Some of us, in the natural course of things, will be called to the pulpit, and some to the bar. In either profession we are likely to be roughly awakened to a conception of our loss, and to deeply lament (as recent graduates do,) to have passed these grand opportunities so lightly by. It is as sensible to attempt to swim without water, or walk without legs, as undertake to address an audience without previous training and practice. And yet how many there are who enter upon the study of Theology and Law, never having once stood

up to express a thought in public. Is it any wonder that congregations are thin when ministers rely only upon the power of the truths they utter, and think little or nothing of the way in which they might be presented. As though the graces of oratory were unsuited to the lofty themes of the pulpit, or that the active sympathy between speaker and hearer, whether there or elsewhere, is of so little moment.

It used to be an inquiry among the ancients, why the number who rose to eminence as orators was so few in comparison with those distinguished in other pursuits. The same question may be appropriately asked to-day. Certainly the advantages for true and solid eloquence are more abundant in this age than those which the most famous orators of antiquity enjoyed, as likewise the questions of modern times are of wider application, and pertain to nobler topics.

We do not mean to imply that any one can here become a finished orator; only we do say that no man can give himself for any great length of time to the object of succeeding in the art of speaking without ridding himself of many defects, and that in this, as in all other objects of study, the same rule holds, *Nil sine labore*. Whether, according to an eminent rhetorician, debating societies indispose to the toil of preparing the matter for speaking, and qualify one only for the "lion's part" in the play, is a matter of dispute even among the Doctors. Lord Brougham, in a letter now extant, to the father of Macaulay, laid it down as a rule for the latter to follow while pursuing his education, to speak at all times, in all places, and on all topics suitable to the occasion. These are men whom it cannot harm us to take as models. We close as we commenced, in no spirit of censorship, but only lamenting that in this renowned seat of learning, our Literary Societies are not the sources of that good which they ought to distribute.

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### Attractions of Farming for a College Graduate.

IN saying that the ingenuity of man has far less effect upon agriculture than upon any other form of human industry, Wayland states a good reason why this should be the occupation of few educated or able men. Those wide-sweeping innovations, which are continually changing the relations of society, supplanting the crudities of yesterday by the perfection of to-day, find here no appropriate counterpart. Our farmers do not keep pace with the march of mind, and with them it has not been established in its complete and appropriate supremacy.

No wonder then that men who have learned to labor with their brains, rather than with their hands, find here few allurements, and turn elsewhere for more congenial employment! With good reason they think that their labors will be of more benefit to themselves and others, if applied in some different sphere of activity.

The farmer is a necessary and honorable member of society, and his sons will probably be what their father was before them, but what attractions can his life offer to one who has spent four of his years within the shades of Yale? Certainly few within the realm of intellect. The generality of farmers must do their regular day's-work, often not less severe than that of their commonest laborer, and, whatever effect this may have upon their health or spirits, no one will contend that it is conducive to intellectual activity or development. Continuous bodily exertion is an exercise of the animal powers of man at the expense of his higher faculties, and even at the close of the day the body takes precedence of the mind, and when rest is needed there can be no great brilliancy or depth of thought. The student who has ever spent any considerable time at hard work, can tell whether he found it a good condition for the exercise of the faculties of the mind, and whether he looks back to it with the same feeling of growth and improvement as to an equal period in his College life. By no means infrequently do men whose physical condition is truly deplorable, exert by the mere force of their intellect an extensive influence over others. Richard Baxter wrote some of the greatest works of his century, while suffering with a painful disease, which he informs us made him continually uncertain whether he could finish the page which he had begun; and Calvin, though racked with bodily torment, could stand almost with Luther in the Reformation, and from his couch of sickness and suffering he swayed both monarchs and people in the surrounding nations, and left his impress on the religious character of Europe. But had they been compelled to engage in any of those laborious operations by which the energy is withdrawn from the brain, their intellects must have slumbered, and they could have accomplished none of their glorious results. The man who lives by the sweat of his brow may be honest, intelligent, and respected, but the time is yet to come when he shall excel in intellectual power or activity, and by this means become an important element in the community. Many a time has a little knot of men in some city been the origin of a power, which, widening and deepening day by day, has brought about a social, religious, or political reform; yet we cannot recall an instance in which such an influence has sprung from the farming population.

Even though a farmer owns his hundreds of acres, and can live in ease and comfort, there are many circumstances which render his life unattractive to an educated man. Necessarily shut off from much communication with his fellow men, he learns tardily the facts and conditions of our progress. Those great commotions and conflicts of opinions which are continually giving to truth a new impetus, and exerting an undefined yet potent influence upon all within their sphere, lose much of their power before they can reach him in his isolation. He looks upon the spirit of the age rather as belonging to others than as working within himself, and he cannot appreciate its full meaning and intensity. For the highest order of intellectual development there must be much intercourse of man with man, in which the numerous and varied powers of each shall be brought into action. Mind must meet mind, and each will gain new strength, whether from agreement or from conflict. Yet he is placed where, as he pursues the even tenor of his way, this is to a great extent impossible, and where he only faintly hears the echoes of those great truths which are ringing in the ears of other men.

Man is indeed a social being, and in society he finds a pure and rational enjoyment. As he recognizes the responsibilities and duties of his position among men, he becomes nobler in his nature and loftier in his aspirations, and is strengthened as he is purified. Here certainly the farmer is not to be envied. The neighbors are probably illiterate, and though industrious and respectable, they are prone to neglect the cultivation of their social nature, and even to indulge a prejudice against those who would give to anything beside physical labor a prominent place in life. While he has neither the opportunities nor temptations to lead a life of great depravity and vice, he is likewise shut off from the opposite extreme of excellence, and his contracted sphere does not serve to develop highly the social virtues. If he intends to live that others may profit by his experience, and feel the influence of a noble heart and quick and generous sympathies, surely he should not choose a position where his power for good or evil is necessarily so restricted, and which neither gives such opportunity as he would desire to use to the utmost his higher qualities of mind and heart, nor furnishes strong incitements to their vigorous exercise.

It is well to enjoy to the uttermost all those provisions which bounteous Nature has made for delighting the eye and ear, and to revel in the ceaseless round of her enchantments. But with a farmer she loses much of her beauty. Others gaze enraptured upon her ever changing face, and admire the varieties of hill and dale, pasture, woodland, and

fields of waving grain ; he has a practical rather than an æsthetic eye. Others glory in the babbling brook, the lights and shades over the landscape, the rustling of the leaves in the summer breeze, and the singing of the birds ; he wonders how they can find such enjoyment in what he sees every day without any very rapturous emotions. Those enchantments with which rural life has been surrounded by the glowing imagination of the poet, who is ever ready to dwell upon the shining side and to embellish with his fantastic touches, do not constitute the life of the farmer, and are too apt to be experiences almost unknown. Perhaps this is because the discipline of his life has made him give to mere muscular exertion too great prominence, and is ill calculated to foster that refinement of nature and those delicate sensibilities in which others may so well rejoice. Perhaps it is because others see Nature with an eye which has been educated to a keen appreciation of her beauties and never exhausted treasures, while he has learned to view her from a material stand-point, and to judge her by a standard of weights and measures. The farmer does not consider the romance of his life, but how he can raise the heaviest and most profitable crops, how cheapest fatten his many head of cattle, and how drive the best bargains for his produce. To say the truth, he does not find much poetry in all this, nor is there much to be found.

We continually see young men entering a professional or business life, with no capital but a stout heart and an active brain, and rising rapidly to competence and distinction. But could they hope to have the same success in tilling the soil ? There, unless they would be content with being a little better than the horse, a little more valuable than the ox, they must have a large capital with which to commence and carry on their farm. Not every one is started out in life by a wealthy father, or favored with an inheritance from some lamented uncle ; and those educated young Americans who are not thus fortunate, or unfortunate, as it may sometimes prove, can hardly fail to see that to them farming does not even make fair promises. The business man believes that he is on a good road to wealth, and can gain for himself a high position among men, becoming perhaps one of our merchant princes. The lawyer can see his usefulness in regulating the intricate relations of society, or in the courts of justice, and can carve for himself a reputation and a name. The minister can feel that his life has been devoted to a high and noble mission. But how with the farmer ? His life has been one of labor, but has given him neither that great and rational enjoyment which is elsewhere found, nor a high order of intellect or character. It has been one of bodily rather than

of mental exercise, and has reference to the body, not to the mind, of man. A little larger barns, better fences and drainage, a few more head of dumb cattle, and a few acres added to his possessions of many years ago—these are the results. Surely farming can offer to a man no great or appropriate reward.

Is it not natural, then, that a College graduate should turn elsewhere for the business of his life? Four years, at least, he has spent in a condition distinctively intellectual and social, and the constant tendency of his education has been to make him prize this more highly. When he has been specially favored in the advantages of his youth, is it not in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that he should wish to occupy the position for which his abilities and education have prepared him, and should be loth to devote his manhood to an occupation in which his growth and refinement of intellect and taste will prove of comparatively little avail? Loving, well-to-do farmers, who have sent their young hopeful to enjoy for a brief period that world of ideas to which their own early years were strangers, are often bitterly disappointed that he is finally unwilling to return to the parental roof. They had hoped that his education would qualify him the better to run the farm, and that he would return to it with a keener relish, and they cannot appreciate his motives in turning elsewhere. Yet here we see the influence of a liberal education, and, although sympathizing with the parents in their affliction, we rejoice that the son has wisely followed the bent of his inclinations and the dictates of his conscience. All honor to those worthy men who are content to live on the picket line of our civilization, paving the way for future generations, and building up the Empire of the West! All honor to the farmer whose brawny arms and stalwart frame bear witness to a life of industry and frugality, and whose hearty grip and honest face give evidence of a generous heart and a nature uncorrupted by the ways of the world! But there are nobler types of human kind than these. There are men who do more good in a day than they in a year, and whose influence goes out far and wide through the community. There are men of thought, and men of action—men whose thoughts are filling others with nobler purposes, or quickening them to the living truth, and whose actions, springing from manly breasts, serve to inspire us with courage, and to increase our faith in humanity—men who become great supporters of the Church, or strong pillars of the State.

A young man has passed through four years of discipline, and is now to enter upon the serious duties of his manhood. He is strong in hopes and aspirations, and anxious to try in the sterner conflicts of

the world the steel which he has been whetting in his seclusion. Shall he settle down quietly upon a farm, where his hopes must be limited by the growth of his crops, and the layers of fat on the ribs of his cattle, and where the next County Fair marks the horizon of his aspirations? He has been living a life eminently social. Shall he now change this of his own free will, and place himself where his companions, upon whom his happiness so much depends, are few in number and of no congenial character? He has tasted the sweets of nobly living, and understands how rich may be the experience of life. Shall he not still live in the full and constant exercise of all the noble powers with which he has been endowed, that men may feel that he is a living power among them, and, with his fixed and noble purpose, and earnest strivings for all that is truly great and good, shall he not realize how vast is the significance of life?

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

J. H. B.

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## To F—.

WHEN at last the day is done,  
And evening in her turn begun  
Her course against the morrow;  
  
When the twinkling stars come forth,  
And gentle breezes from the north,  
Lull Nature to repose;  
  
When the silent hours of night  
Awake the soul to better life,  
That through the day has slumbered;  
  
When the thoughts unfettered roam,  
And Fancy in high-court alone  
Her sovereign power displays;  
  
Then from out the spirit-land  
Shadowy forms I seem to see,  
And methinks the mystic band  
Weirdly, wildly nod to me.  
  
Slow and noiseless, never speaking,  
Pale and wan they move around;  
Silently they send their greeting,  
Greeting without voice or sound.

And there steals o'er me gently,  
 Calming every foolish fear,  
 Feelings very soft and tender,  
 And I dream that Heaven is near.

Thus with fancy disenthralled,  
 Dreaming, yet awake, I see  
 Now no longer shades and spectres,  
 Gibbering ghosts that seemed to be,

But the forms of the departed,—  
 Forms of loved ones long ago,  
 Once more seem to move around me,  
 As of old they used to do;

And methinks that although silent,  
 Yet they speak my name once more,  
 Sweetly speak it, not as absent,  
 But with voices as of yore.

Sometimes, too, among their number,  
 Forms of dear ones gliding by,  
 Mortal forms that not yet slumber  
 Death's dull, sluggish sleep, I spy.

Then a being bright and beauteous,  
 Moving with the spirit-band,  
 Robed in garments white and spotless,  
 With a lily in her hand;

Of angelic form and beauty,  
 And with clear, unruffled brow,  
 Pure and gentle, sweet and holy,—  
 Ah! methinks I see her now!

Softly, and with silent footsteps,  
 As the zephyr winds that play  
 With the flowers in fairy bowers,  
 In the sunny month of May,

Glides she forth with joy to greet me,  
 Answering to my spirit's prayer,  
 Gently glides she forth to meet me,  
 Like a fairy thing of air.

And at length I feel the pressure  
 Of her hand, methinks, in mine;  
 And I gaze with new-born pleasure,—  
 Gaze into those eyes divine.

Thus our souls hold sweet communion  
 In the silent hours of night,  
 Converse soft, a sweet re-union  
 Far away from mortal sight.

And in moments sad and dreary,  
 When the world looks dark and cold,  
 As to some poor sorrower weary  
 With the weight of cares untold,

O, how precious are these tokens  
 That *one* heart is still my own;  
 And the hallowed words there spoken,  
 Cheer me in life's journey on.

Thus till rosy-fingered morn  
 With saffron robe the east adorn,  
 The mists of night dispelling,

Oft I sit close wrapped in thought,  
 Unmindful, as though one untaught,  
 Of worldly care and sorrow;

Holding converse soft and sweet  
 With shadowy forms I love to meet  
 In sacred, sweet re-union,

Dreaming waking dreams of thee  
 That an angel seem'st to be,  
 To guide my soul to Heaven.

S. S. M.

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### The Piano-Forte.

THE first two lines of the third Satire of Horace, book first, may be rendered, somewhat freely, as follows:—"It is a common fault of all piano players, that when called on to perform, they are very apt to refuse. But, when not called upon, they are perpetually annoying us with drumming." Had Horace lived in this enlightened 19th century, he could not have spoken more truly. Young ladies, especially, devote unlimited time to getting a musical education, and yet are seldom ready to sit down to the piano-forte, even before intimate friends.

Now, far be it from me to say anything calculated to increase the vexation, which every one feels, when such a failure transpires. I take up my pen, rather, in behalf of those who are the occasion, at such times, of our disappointment.

The piano-forte is a wonderful instrument. It is not so perfect, by the very nature of its construction, as the violin. But the violin, and all instruments of its kind, cannot give us the different parts in unison. Consequently, without an accompaniment, they are unsatisfactory. And, at all times, unless in the hands of a skillful performer, they are really disagreeable.

Nor, again, is the piano to be compared, in some respects, with the organ. But the latter, in order to attain to its perfection, must be so ponderous, that nothing but public buildings are suited to it. Even then, the range of music to which it is confined is not so extensive as that of the piano. In fact, this is the principle feature wherein the piano-forte surpasses all other instruments. It is adapted, in itself, to music of all varieties; to the classic German composer, as well as the melodious airs of the Italian opera; to the rapid, exhilarating polka, and the dreamy, irresistible waltz; to the stately funeral march, as well as the jaunty frivolities of the popular music of the day. To emotional music, in particular, it is better adapted than most people are apt to think. The plaintive love song, the bright, joyous ballad, the tender cradle song, all find a great auxiliary in a sympathetic accompaniment on the piano.

The ability to play well upon this instrument depends a good deal on a person's temperament. His power of playing with expression, will depend very much upon his natural sensibilities. His touch will be decided and clear, or weak and insipid, in proportion as his nervous system is vigorous or not. His power to execute rapidly will depend upon his natural quickness, and on the muscular development of his hand and arm. And there must be, withal, a natural love of music. In fact, if this last be strong enough to incite application and perseverance, the other obstacles may be overcome. But this is seldom the case. And hence, among the multitudes who pretend to play, more or less, we seldom meet with those who really play well.

Now, those persons who have never tried to perform on the piano, do not realize these things at all. To them, playing is a mechanical process, to be acquired by dint of practicing. Hence they look upon unwillingness to play as mere affectation. But when, on the contrary, a person has striven to master the instrument, then does he begin to understand what are the requisites of a good performance. And by the word good, I do not mean a brilliant or elaborate performance, but good of its kind, if it be nothing but the execution of a five-finger exercise. As he comes to appreciate what an art it is, so do his own beginnings seem insignificant and worthless. To be

sure, the most mechanical stringing together of chords is better than nothing. And this is another peculiarity of the piano. But such a rendering is so meager, in comparison with a right one, that he regards his own performance only with feelings of dissatisfaction.

How common are domestic scenes like the following:—A few friends are seated in the parlor. “My dear,” says a fond mother to an amiable daughter of sixteen summers, or thereabouts, “my dear, can’t you play us something?” “Now, mother, please don’t,” replies the girl, who has no aptitude for playing, and hence no self-confidence even to do the best she can. “Now, don’t be silly, child; I know your cousins would like it.” Of course, all protest that nothing could be more delightful. Further reluctance calls forth a more imperative injunction, and she sits down to the piano with much palpitation. “What shall I play? Some one suggests something, and she begins to play it. Her playing at best is but mediocre, and now is a good deal worse. She makes mistakes, has to repeat, and is in every way unsatisfactory. No one enjoys it, but all feel bound to praise it. The girl is mortified, and the mother wonders what *can* be the matter with her usually obedient daughter.

It is generally a pretty good sign, when there is such a perpetual reluctance to play, that there is an inability to do so with credit. But, on the other hand, a great many performers fail, under similar circumstances, because they try to do too much. They are unwilling to play a simple melody, but are ambitious to take some brilliant composition, far beyond their ability. They don’t realize that a melodious study of Heller, even if it be one of the simplest, if it is played with expression, is vastly better than the most difficult sonata of Beethoven, which is poorly rendered. But the trouble, still often-er, is in the absence of a love of music, either natural or acquired. They may love to hear it from others, but the love is not strong enough to enable them to make the music themselves.

What a luxury, although it be a common one, the piano-forte is! There is a peculiar air of comfort about its solid carved legs, its polished rose-wood, its long row of “clear, cold keys,” its warm cover, to keep it from the dust. Its mechanism is wonderfully elaborate, and yet seldom out of order. “Did you never look at it,” I heard some one say, a short time ago, “and think how much music there was in it, if you could only get it out?” It must, indeed, be a rare sensation, that of putting your hands to the keys, and calling forth progressions of rich chords, interweaving harmoniously, crashing into discordant minors, dying away again into the melodious major. What

a firm friend an old instrument must become. Always sympathetic, always responsive to your mood, a never failing source of pleasure; he is, indeed, a firm old friend.

Then, long life to the Chickering and the Steinways! May they multiply pianos abroad upon the face of the earth! And may mankind always reverence the memory of that genius, whoever he be, whose prolific brain first gave to the world a piano! J. F. M.

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### Free Thought.

ALMOST the same steamer which announces that the French will evacuate Rome in March, brings an "Encyclical Letter" from the Vatican. On the brink of the grave, vainly clutching at the fast receding shadow of a temporal sceptre, Pope Pius IX startles the world with a massive bearing an air of authority worthy of a Hildebrand. Its central idea, if I mistake not, is the subjection of all thought to Papal censorship; the proscription of all reasoning, whose results at all differ from the established doctrines of Holy Catholic Church. Mark its reception; rejection rather. Not only is the Gallican Church true to its traditional independence, but Austria and Spain, nations submitting to concordats and inquisitions, remonstrate.

In this opposition of the most devotedly Catholic nations to Papal tyranny, we see a gratifying proof of the tendency of European civilization toward free thought. This is, as it seems to me, the grand contribution of Protestantism to civilization. It rests, if I mistake not, chiefly on three reasons.

In the first place, opposition is essential to strengthen and define our convictions. Truth, unopposed, lies dormant in the mind, has little influence, comparatively, on the conduct; but let error, clad in plausible sophistries, contest her positions, and she rises from the conflict, displaying a beauty and a power before entirely hidden. The Trinitarians of New England in the last century received, with undoubting faith, the divinity of our Lord; but it was only after the doctrine was assailed by the argument and eloquence of a Ware and a Channing, that it became the corner-stone of Orthodoxy.

Again, opposition is the great method of stimulating mental growth. "Whatever," says Hamilton, "may be the case with our bodies, enantiopathy, and not homœopathy, is the true medicine of souls." We

shall, none of us, I am sure, need to go far back in experience or observation, to find full proof of this. The stagnation of thought which characterizes those times when the Papal doctrine of authority and proscription held sway, sadly illustrates the truth of the position.

But chiefly opposition in opinion demands toleration and attention, because it has, usually, some element of truth. In the words of Herbert Spencer, there is, "very generally, a soul of truth in things erroneous." It is, moreover, inconsistent with the universal frailty of human nature, to suppose that any received opinions perfectly coincide with truth. Few writers have been more generally condemned by religious men than David Hume; yet Stewart tells us that he rendered philosophy an invaluable service, in proving that the foundations on which it then rested were utterly untenable. But we need not cross the sea, or go back a hundred years, to find an illustration. Who can tell how far our present administration might have drifted from the prescribed constitutional course, how far have yielded to the temptations to corruption, with which the war has teemed, had it not been restrained by the keen criticisms and exposures of an ever vigilant opposition.

Human weakness, or rather, wrong bias, qualifies, slightly, the foregoing remarks. If the parent believes that the child has a natural inclination to the wrong, he may, perhaps, exclude him from contact with arguments which, in his opinion, tend to strengthen that inclination, although, as this would apply alike to the Catholic and Protestant, the Old School Presbyterian and the Atheistic Free Lover, in one case or the other, such guardianship must, in reality, strengthen the wrong inclination; so that I am uncertain whether even this limitation can be sustained. At all events, it does not in the least disprove, that opposition in general is necessary, not only to vivify our convictions of truth, and develope our intellectual powers, but even to establish what is truth.

This question, fellow students, is not merely speculative; it has a most prominent application to ourselves. Our Faculty exclude opposition journals from our reading-room, lest we should be "trained to dishonorable principles," and carefully lock up the writings of Theodore Parker, lest their sentiments should infect our minds.

If the preceding principles be correct, and they seem well nigh axiomatic, on what ground can this discrimination be justified? The end of our College course, we are told, is not 'the acquisition of knowledge,' but mental discipline. Opposition is the first requisite of this; is the end to be best attained by excluding us from the means? Must

we "make bricks without straw?" But it may be urged that we are still children, mentally, and so incapable of resisting the subtle attacks of error. But, waving the inquiry whether this assumption be not a little derogatory to the tendencies of the training of our Alma Mater, children or adults, we must meet error as soon as we enter the world, and had we not better meet it while we can have the help of all the good influences of our College instruction in overcoming it?

With reference to the papers, the position taken is, it seems to me, peculiarly untenable. It is notorious, that administration journals, especially during a campaign, do not give the whole truth; illustrations will occur to every one. Again, in times like these, full of unthoughtful exigencies, it is folly to contend that the administration policy will always be correct; thus, to hear both sides is an imperative necessity to a well-informed judgment.

I will not argue the point farther. If the decision of the Faculty be final, I, for one, wish that they might know that the students, at least, are for free thought. It is always unpleasant to differ from those so universally and deservedly respected and esteemed as are our instructors, but they certainly would deem it no honor, that our high regard for them should interfere with our independent, though always respectful criticism.

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### The Smoke Ring.

AIRILY floating, lightly entwining  
Dreamily beautiful shapes in the air,  
Shadowy, fairy-like wreaths are combining,  
Brightly fantastic, wondrously fair.

Clear as the moonlight shed o'er the river,  
Flushed with a warmer, a tenderer glow,  
Rise the blue clouds in a tremulous shiver,  
Laughingly chasing to and fro.

Dream-land we enter through crystalline portals,  
Mistily through them realities show;  
Earth and the pleasures and sorrows of mortals  
Seem insignificant, far below.

Shut from the real by the magical curtain,  
 Woven with vaporous meshes in air,  
 All our best hopes for the future seem certain;  
 Naught is too grand or too noble to dare.

Forth from the pipe the most exquisite fancies  
 Shine in its light like the light of a star,  
 Wildest adventures, fantastic romances  
 Float with the smoke of the glowing cigar.

S.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### Prize Debates.

The Senior Prize Debate in Linonia occurred on Tuesday evening, Jan. 17th.

Committee of Award:

S. W. S. DUTTON, D. D.,	Prof. WORTHINGTON HOOKER,
FRANCIS WAYLAND, Jr.	

*Question*:—Is there sufficient ground for belief that the United States have now attained the summit of their power and greatness?

The first prize was awarded to Joseph A. Bent,
" 2d " " " " Wm. H. Drury,
" 3d " " " " John Dalzell.

The Senior Prize Debate in Brothers in Unity occurred on Wednesday evening, Jan. 18th.

Committee of Award:

Rev. WILLIAM T. EUSTIS,	Hon. HENRY B. HARRISON,
HENRY T. BLAKE, Esq.	

*Question*:—Is Universal Suffrage, as exhibited in the United States, favorable to the permanency of our Institutions?

The 1st Prize was awarded to	{ Allen McLean, Henry A. Stimson,
" 2d " " " " "	{ Tuzar Bulkley, James S. Norton,
" 3d " " " " "	Joseph H. Isham.

**Senior Class Election.**

At a meeting held in the President's Lecture Room, on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 21st, the Senior Class made the following elections:—

For Class Orator, ALLEN MCLEAN—New Haven.

" " Poet, H. A. BROWN—Philadelphia, Penn.

**Cochleaureati of '66.**

At a meeting of the Junior Class, held Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 18th, the following members were chosen as Cochleaureati.

Edward B. Bennett, Hampton. F. V. D. Garretson, Perth Amboy, N. J.

Frank Brown, Newburgh, N. Y. Lewis Lampman, Coxsackie, N. Y.

Sherman H. Chapman, New York City. Roland Redmond, South Orange, N. J.

William W. Farnham, Chicago, Ill. Henry T. Sloane, New York City.

Arthur C. Walworth, Boston, Mass.

On Saturday, Feb. 4, the following named gentlemen were elected Yale Lit. Editors for the coming year:—

HAMILTON COLE, ..... Claverack, N. Y.

CHARLES M. SOUTGATE, ..... Ipswich, Mass.

GEORGE C. HOLT, ..... Pomfret.

LEVI C. WADE, ..... Pittsburgh, Penn.

HENRY O. WHITNEY, ..... Williston, Vt.

We wish them a full treasury and a Drawer overflowing with *voluntary* Articles.

**Sword Presentation.**

The presence at Yale, a few days ago, of Lieut. THOMAS HEDGE, a former member of the Junior Class, was made the occasion for the presentation of an elegant sword and belt, by his former Classmates. He enlisted, not long since, as a private in the 106th New York Vols., and was subsequently honored with a Lieutenant's Commission.

The Class collected for the purpose in front of the Chapel. Mr. James Brand, a Classmate of the recipient, at Andover, as well as at Yale, and the color-bearer of the gallant 27th Conn. through its hard fought campaign, was appropriately selected to present the sword, in behalf of the Class. His address was marked by a solemn and earnest patriotism, and the tenderness of a long farewell. The response was brief; but at its close all eyes were moistened with regret, that our College friendship should be severed, and many a heart beat high with admiration, at the sacrifice which our Classmate had made for the great cause.

We accompanied him, a few days later, to the Depot, and bade him farewell. As the train glided away, that brave little form stood upon the platform, erect and manly, waving his hat in farewell greeting, as many a hero in the last four years has stood. So he passed from our sight, "off to the war." Many months of labor and, perchance, of pain, will elapse before we see our friend again. But through whatever vicissitudes he may pass, whenever his duty to his country shall be done, he will turn back from the harsh scenes of War, to our kindly College life; and the Class of Sixty-six will welcome him, with open arms, to loving hearts. \*

## Editor's Table.

"To men of letters, traveling is a means of knowledge; to men of taste, of accomplishment; to the idle, a relief from ennui; to the busy, a rest from labor; to the sorrowful, a refuge from grief," a truth to which the patriotic six will all subscribe. We might tell you how and when we traveled, and all about the scenes of terror and danger through which we passed, and the hardships we endured, from that first night on which we made a forcible entrance into the schoolhouse at Readville, and slept hard upon the bare benches, to the lulling music of mosquito swarms, to the time when, our term of service having expired, we cast a last, long, lingering look on the hulks of our army shoes, rotting on the boundless prairies of the West, and set our faces Eastward. But we have all exercised a laudable self-control, and here we announce to the world, and to posterity, that six members of the Senior Class, including two Editors, spent nearly five months in the army, and returned to their several duties, without writing for the LIT. a single account of their campaign, or even mentioning to the reading public the many battles and sieges in which they took part. We are sure that when posterity sees this token of noble reserve and modesty, there will be a grand searching among the records for the names of the then immortal six. This modesty may seem to some altogether gratuitous, but, on the whole, it is somewhat becoming and proper. For our own part, having bridled our tongue so long a time in the presence of shoulder-strapped dignity, having been hailed so often with "Be you a soldier or a hundred-day man?" having been shown so invariably to the lowest seats in church and the highest rooms at hotels; having been invited so many times to drink with the scaliest possible fellows in the meanest possible saloons, and having dodged so frequently around corners, at the sight of some familiar face, while vainly attempting, by vigorous pulling, to make the old blouse come down as far as to where coat tails ought to begin, we finally arrived at the conclusion, that we were a very useless and insignificant individual. In fact, after being out long enough, we began to feel rather honored at any notice, even from Pompey, the colored cook, (the one spoken of by the poet, as "The Pomp of war,") and, at the last, we were very willing to slip back, quietly and humbly into our old seat, and leave the story of our exploits untold.

But to return from this long digression. Our travels, such as they were, and however taken, terminated in the big city, called by its inhabitants, Injunoppolis; and the knowledge at which, being men of letters, we arrived was this, that as, according to the true blue theology, some men are created for the express purpose of showing to the world of what depths of iniquity man is capable, and of being used, at the last, as a fearful warning, so some communities are allowed to exist, in order to show what villainies the world, if left to itself, can produce.

Here is the way they talk in that benighted neighborhood. "I have saw where you was goin' at," and "I have went where you couldn't git to go." "I never seen" any man have "such a right smart git," as "me and him did." "That there man there, what owns this shebang," "wounded his watch up," "onct or

twict," "just like I do mine," &c. Here is the way they drill. "Keep your feet a movin, ready to do as ye did yistday,—git." "From four strings into two—git." "turn around sideways, and go off in a crosswise direction—git."

This is the station at which one-third of the volunteers make their mark on their enlistment papers; where some of the commissioned officers can neither read nor write; where one man asked, in all honesty, if Massachusetts was not the worst copperhead State in the Union; and another, if the same State was not in the South; and where the women never wash their dresses, "cause why, they are made of linsey-woolsey, and their husbands whip 'em clean."

In former times, an election was not considered legal here, unless at least three-fourths of the voters were shown to have been drunk on election day. This was when Corn Whiskey was twenty-five cents a gallon. Since then, the government has taxed it, to several times that amount, and the price is so high, that no election can now be properly conducted. It was this gross interference with the domestic institutions of the State, which caused the organization of that self-defensive body called the "Sons of Liberty." At present, in elections, every man who is on hand at the proper time, votes once for himself, once for each of his friends in the army, and once for each of his dead and absent neighbors. The utility of this system is thus expressed in their own classic tongue. "By how more often a man gits in a ballot, by so more much the majority gits bigger." It should be remarked here, that the only two classes of men who ever could rival them in this game, were Missouri Border Ruffians and Massachusetts' soldiers.

But to return to a respectable subject. We have been much exercised, lately, at the literary dearth in College. Every one acknowledges that there is but a small amount of literary work done in the Societies, large or small; and, judging from their style, the term compositions and disputes cannot exhaust the talents of the undergraduates. The surplus and dormant powers should seek space for their active exercise in the LIT. There is no lack of subjects for Magazine composition. In accordance with the general disposition to be censorious and sarcastic, why has no one tried to embrace the whole circle of College foibles in the Diary of an aspiring Freshman, or of a belligerent Sophomore; of a political Junior, and of an arrogant Senior? Why have we not received something searching and witty about snubs, or something cutting and satiric about snobs; something severe and sermniac on skinning, or heterodox and startling on the inconvenience of truth? Why has no one given an illustrative grumble at College grumbler, or an account, humorous and sharp, of the various styles of Literary men in College, with specimens of Sophomore compositions, Junior disputes, and the style of poetry generally sent to the LIT. Why have we had no critical review of Gail Hamilton's "New Atmosphere?" (as fair a mark for satire as ever old maid presented.) Why has no one shown the beauties of Butler, with notes of a recitation? Why cannot some one treat of the rhetorical attractiveness of Spalding, or the connection between Stewart and mental febleness? Why, in fine, do not more students write for the LIT.

Some of our readers heard the Prize Debates this term. Perhaps they did not all overhear this little dialogue:—

Scene—Brothers Hall.

Present—Two Freshmen.

Enter First Prize man,—in a swallow-tail.

Loquitur—First Freshman, *bow-tie* and curious, "What a queer looking coat! Has he got the tails turned in!"

Second Freshman, blandly—"Why no, that is a dress coat. It was made so." First Freshman, resignedly—"Oh!"

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### To Correspondents.

"Thanksgiving, 1864," is quite readable, but it bears internal evidence of having been produced in a Female Boarding School. The LIT. is intended for a College Magazine. "Concerning Rings," shows a melancholy perversion of a naturally feeble imagination. We have, charitably, thrown both the production and the unopened envelope, containing the name, into the old cylinder stove.

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### Back Numbers Wanted.

Cash will be paid, at 34 South Middle, for one copy of each of the following Numbers of the LIT. Vol. 27, No. 5; Vol. 28, Nos. 1 and 4; for two copies each of Vol. 29, Nos. 1, 2 and 7, and for three copies of Vol. 29, No. 8.

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### Exchanges.

We have received the Atlantic regularly; also the Nassau Quarterly for October and December; and the Beloit College Monthly for December. The appearance of the Nassau Quarterly is much improved by its new dress.

We have received a specimen copy of "Our Young Folks," a Magazine for Boys and Girls, Edited by J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton and Lucy Larcom, and published by Ticknor & Fields. It seems to be an excellent Magazine for youthful minds, and we heartily recommend it to certain juvenile members of the Freshman Class, and to those Seniors who intend to "settle" immediately after graduation.

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### Advert'sements.

Of course you will not lay aside the LIT. until you have looked over the advertisements; and having read them, employ Franklin for your Merchant Tailor, and Duncan to engrave your Visiting Cards. Go to Blair's for your Furnishing Goods, to the world-renowned Kingsley's for your ready-made clothing; to Judd & White's cheap store for Books and Albums; to Cutler & Bradley's for Engravings and Frames, and to Watson's for those finishing touches which only a barber can give to your personal appearance.

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